



S2 Chapter 61

Samantha's POV

I rushed back to the office, and when I arrived, chaos had broken out. Rick quickly explained to me that Peter had been kidnapped.

"Catherine needs you!" Rick said. "Henry is on his way with the girls, and Tess is coming too."

"Great, Rick. What else can I do?" I asked.

"Things are going to get chaotic here. Take care of Catherine and clear the entire executive schedule. Handle as much as you can so Alexander and Patrick can focus on this situation. If you need help, let me know," Rick instructed as I sat down to work. "You didn't get a chance to have lunch, did you?"

"No, I didn't, Rick, but I'll order something later and eat here."

"Let's do better than that, let's arrange for some food to be available here all the time, so nobody leaves without eating," Rick suggested, and I thought it was an excellent idea.

"That's good. What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Call the catering service and ask them to have everything ready within an hour at most," Rick said and went back to Alexander's office.

I took care of everything with the catering service, informed Rick, and went to stay with Catherine. It wasn't long before Henry arrived. I hadn't seen him since Sunday night. I was hurt, but this man still made my heart race.

I was working at a frantic pace, and when the girls arrived, I was able to



leave Catherine with them and return to my desk to clear the work as Rick had instructed.

It was past five in the afternoon when I was absorbed in my work, and a large glass of juice and a plate full of snacks were placed in front of me. I looked up and saw Henry.

"You haven't eaten anything yet," he said simply.

"Henry..." I tried to protest.

"Sam, don't stop me from taking care of you. I'll always worry about you. Henry knelt beside me and brushed his thumb across my face. "You're precious to me, Sam, like a nightingale." He continued caressing my face, his eyes locked with mine.

"A nightingale?" I found it amusing to be compared to a bird.

"They say the nightingale is a symbol of connection with the divine, representing beauty, harmony, and joy of the soul," he began to explain. "There's no beauty in the world greater than yours, Sam, and I'm not just talking about your physical appearance. You're the joy of my soul, you give me hope and comfort, you gave me a purpose in life to want a family with you. In a way, you connect me to the divine." Henry had sad eyes and a choked voice. This started to melt my barriers.

We kept looking at each other for I don't know how long. Our contact was broken by a little girl dressed as a ballerina who stopped in front of my desk.

"I don't care, uncle, you're going to keep your promise to me," Clara stood with one hand on her hip, making me laugh.

"Henry, with all this chaos, you still remembered that?" I said smiling.



"You're too important for me to forget, my nightingale!" Henry winked at me and stood up. "Clara, as soon as uncle Alexander's problem is solved, we'll go to the mall, don't worry."

"You better!" Clara was serious. "Have you forgiven this silly man yet, Aunt Sam? You should keep him in timeout a little longer."

"No, Clara, he's still in timeout," I smiled at the little girl. "Would you like a snack? There are those dulce de leche donuts that your uncle told me you love." Her little eyes sparkled.

She handed me the red rose with the card and a teddy bear holding a little red heart balloon. Henry sat down in front of my desk and watched the scene unfold. I opened the card and read aloud:

"Forgiving the past means giving the future a chance."

I was smiling and thinking about how to respond. He was sitting there watching me, and our little messenger had sugar all over her fingers and mouth.

"Auntie, don't forget you have to reply," Clara told me as she took another bite of her donut.

"Oh, do I?" I smiled at her as she nodded her head, and I got an idea. "Alright, I'll reply, but you can't deliver my response here, only outside the building."

Henry rolled his eyes, and I held back a laugh. I took a card and wrote my response: "Opportunities don't come back just because you regret losing them."

"Here you go, Clara." I handed it to her as she finished eating. Just like last time, she read the card and smiled contentedly.



"Auntie, you're the best." Clara stood up.

"I'll go with you, Clara," Henry said, grabbing a package where he had put some snacks. "Here, give these to Alfonso."

"You just want to see the note, don't you?" Clara said accusingly.

"Yes!" He smiled at her and accompanied her to the elevator.

Half an hour later, Henry was back and left an envelope on my desk without saying a word before heading to Alexander's office. I picked up the envelope and took out a card where he had written exactly what he wanted:

"I'm asking for your forgiveness. I don't want an opportunity - opportunities can be created. I want a fresh start, a chance to begin again and prove to you that I'll never make another mistake."

Damn! He was good with words. And he was almost convincing me. I needed advice, but I couldn't talk to the girls right now. I wished Manu was here. Come to think of it, why hadn't Henry brought her along?

Virginia left Patrick's office, and I took the chance to ask her why Manu hadn't come.

"She had a client meeting today and she's handling one of my clients tomorrow. She'll come here afterward - I'd already told Henry we'd need her, and he approved it," Virginia explained.

"Oh, that's good!" I sighed.

"And how are you handling Henry being around?" Virginia asked.

"Pretty well, actually." I smiled at her and answered the ringing phone.



After a while, I grabbed a card and wrote something for Henry. When he passed by reception, I called him over and handed it to him, but warned him to open it when he was away from me. He opened it as he entered the elevator, and I could still see the huge smile spreading across his face. 1

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